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ABSTRACT

A product of Hawaii's Poets-in-the-Schools program, this second volume of a compilation of essays and poems addresses diverse artistic and educational concerns about poetry writing and is divided into two sections. Section I consists of essays by three of the poets who were involved in the program: (1) "Evaluating Student Poems" by Tim Burke, (2) "Giving Voice" by Dana Naone, and (3) "Chinese Imagery" by Wayne Westlake. Section II consists of 94 short poems written by the children of the 28 Central Oahu Elementary Schools, merely a sample of the poetry produced in response to the presence and guidance of poets in the classroom. (NKA)

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HAKU MELE O HAWAII, VOLUME II

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TAC 77-2962 □ JANUARY 1977

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Jim Kraus, Editor

OFFICE OF INSTRUCTIONAL SERVICES ▫ DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION ▫ STATE OF HAWAII
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FOREWORD

Haku Mele O Hawaii, Volume II is a collection of essays and poems written in response to classes held under the Poets-in-the-Schools Program at 28 elementary schools in the Central Oahu School District during 1975-76.

Volume I of Haku Mele O Hawaii, which included work produced in different districts during 1973-75, was received with great enthusiasm. This second volume indicates what the program attempted and accomplished in the Central District.

The book is divided into two sections. The essays in the first section were written by a few of the poets who have distinguished themselves in Hawaii's energetic literary community. These essays provide insights into the poets' thoughts as they worked with children in the classrooms. The second section, a collection of poems by the students, illustrates the children's response to the poets.

We hope that Haku Mele O Hawaii, Volume II will again provide our teachers with helpful, creative ideas for their own classrooms.

Charles G. Clark
Superintendent of Education

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword iii

Introduction Jim Kraus 1

SECTION I 4

Evaluating Student Poems Tim Burke 5
poems from Red Hill Elementary School

Giving Voice Dana Naone 10
poems from Wahiawa Elementary School

Chinese Imagery Wayne Westlake 17
poems from Aliamanu, Hickam and Kaala Elementary Schools

SECTION II 33

A collection of poems by students of Central Oahu elementary schools

Aiea
Hale Kula
Haleiwa
Helemano
Hickam
Iliahi
Kaala
Kipapa
Kunia
Makalapa
Mililani - uka
Mililani - waena
Moanalua
Mokulele
Nimitz
Pearl Harbor
Pearl Harbor Kai
Pearl Ridge
Salt Lake
Scott
Shafter
Solomon
Waialua
Webling
Wheeler

Notes 66

INTRODUCTION

In order to appreciate children's poetry, one must first have the desire to appreciate it. This means that, as adults, we should not expect to read a child's poem written like an adult. Children's poetry has its own strengths which, in fact, are not far from ideals which many poets in certain traditions have spent lifetimes perfecting. In the Western poetic tradition, the greatest poets have been ones who were able to write long poems, but in the Orient the striving has been toward short poems and simplicity. In Japan, the earliest classical verse form was the tanka, or short song, which consisted of thirty-one syllables. Instead of expanding as the tradition developed, the form was shortened to the familiar seventeen syllables. Robert Bly, in the introduction to the book The Sea and the Honeycomb, explains that short poems make both poet and reader aware of emotions that usually go unnoticed. There has never been a form in the English language to accommodate the world of brief emotions. According to Bly, longer poems become complicated with rhetoric and philosophy, which are part of the world of adults.

Children, who have not learned about rhetoric and philosophy, are equipped very well both to read and write the short poem. Bly's collection is used by several of the poets in the classroom to open for the children the possibilities of the short poem, but usually the best examples come from the students' own works. As I am sure many have learned, when it comes to the ideal of simplicity, the roles of student and teacher are quickly reversed. Many elementary school students considered slow by their teachers actually have the knack for understanding emotions in the most basic terms, and if they can find the words to express themselves, they are capable of extraordinary poetry.

In Tim Burke's essay we learn that children's poetry should be read as carefully as any other, especially if one has the hope of encouraging the writer. We might choose to see a psychological or philosophical pattern in a poem which might help shape a meaningful response, but we must remember that children do not consciously use such patterns. The musical quality, the repetition of sounds and rhythms in children's poetry, is especially pronounced, and responding to this quality of a poem

often will be helpful. But the intense emotional life which is somehow linked to spontaneity is what produces the really fine poems. As Dana Naone mentions in her essay "Giving Voice," she will improvise on poetry ideas she developed before the class. She reports that this results in a highly charged, spontaneous atmosphere. Children are able to sense immediately whether a teacher is genuine, and if the teacher is able to demonstrate the ideals of spontaneity and simplicity, the students will pick up on them immediately.

The importance of the image, a picture from the imagination often associated with dreams, is sometimes neglected by teachers of poetry in favor of more objective formal aspects, such as syllabics. Strong imagery is the key to all good poetry, but in the very short poem it is crucial. It is good that so many children in Hawaii know what haiku is, but at the same time very few are aware of anything beyond the formal requirement of seventeen syllables. Wayne Westlake's remarkable idea of using ancient Chinese characters as a way of teaching children about imagery shows that poetry writing is not an abstract intellectual exercise. The visual image, to which Chinese characters are much closer than words, carries the added intensity of concrete associations. But what is perhaps most unique in this approach to poetry is that it draws on the oriental movement in poetry toward simplicity. As Wayne points out, the results from the children are "near masterpieces of simplicity."

My personal inclination is toward demonstration poems and other activities that encourage spontaneity, in myself as well as the students. A demonstration poem is where I do all of the writing on the chalkboard using suggestions from the students. This way seems to work in all classes, but is especially useful in classes where attention spans and writing skills are minimal. Another way I've found to encourage spontaneity and better imagery as well, is to do free-association "word chains" every day for a few minutes. I start off by timing them for thirty seconds. For some reason this makes them want to write very fast; if they were reluctant to write before, this will usually get them moving. Through the course of the week I explain what an image is, so that eventually the word chains become groups of images rather than single words. I then ask them to use the images they have written this way in their poems. Sometimes very little work is needed after the initial list

is made. Maybe all I will suggest will be to rearrange some words, or simply take a line out. I try to convince them that the shorter they can make the poems, the better.

We live in a technological society where the automatic trend is toward classification and standardization. Too often teachers rely exclusively on games and teaching formulas and see these as ends. Most of the poets teaching in the schools use games with rules that are made to be broken. The idea is that the games will spark an interest in words and language so that students will eventually find a way to write poems on their own.

The poems in the second section are merely samples of the hundreds of good things written while the PITS Program was in Central Oahu. Some were directly inspired by an assignment, but usually the best were those that broke the most rules, including those of spelling and grammar. In the lower grades this can become a problem, but in most cases it is better to let these kinds of problems pass and think of the errors as contributing to the character of the writing. Although the program is oriented toward poetry, by stimulating interest in using words it no doubt does much to help increase overall language skills. Teachers and administrators often react with amazement when they see collections of student work after a poet's visit. The secret is that all of the people involved in the program love poetry and are personally in touch with the creative energies they are helping the children discover for themselves.

Jim Kraus
Editor

SECTION I

ESSAYS

EVALUATING STUDENT POEMS

Tim Burke

If you are like most teachers, you probably find the prospect of trying to guide would-be poets along the road to serious writing difficult with students at any level, and particularly so when the writer is nine years old and not sure how to spell "Martian." What does one do? How do you tell a good poem with exciting language from a more predictable one? And then how do you broach the subject with the author?

Fortunately, there are clues. Look at this poem by a sixth grader* at Red Hill School:

Pick up the night
at
my
elevator
light
after dark.

I think this is an extraordinary poem, especially since it arose (no pun intended) from a formula we in PITS use sometimes--the "name poem." This one spells the poet's name vertically while addressing itself to a vertical image--that of elevator and the movement of the light after dark (and of dark after light, syntactically). The first line's four words (including 'Pick up" which is what elevators do, after all) form a roof from which the shaft of the poem descends, revealing new detail at every floor. The word "elevator" itself in line four stands alone, hanging in midflight. Other questions I asked myself about this poem concern the other meaning of the words "pick up" (as in "Pick up a light far off through the trees"), and the association of the "light" and "dark" imagery with personality archetypes.

Clearly, Pamela may not have had all these things in mind when she took pencil in hand and wrote her name a new way. But that doesn't matter. What does matter is that you, her teacher, try to develop an eye for these kinds of possibilities and then point them out to her. If

*Pamela Halstead

Wallace Stevens, an insurance executive, can find thirteen ways of looking at a blackbird, certainly you can find one or two interpretations of a poem the kids haven't noticed. (Nobody ever said teaching was easy!)

Here's another:

Tomorrow will be a better world
with lots and lots of fun
and everybody will be happy.
If not then maybe next time.

--Yvette A.

Notice the double meaning in the word "then"? The optimism that poem exudes is equalled by the sense of mystery in this one:

Reaching out in the night
over and under things seeking light
xylophones playing
animals howling
no one can hear
nothing is clear
everything is unknown.

--Roxanne

Here's a variation on a long-stale quatrain, praiseworthy for its refusal to follow the obvious:

The roses are drying
the violets are dead
My garden is wilting
and my flowers are tilting.

(These are tricky--you may be the
last one in the class to hear that
ditty.)

Kids can be profound, more often than seems possible sometimes:

Rooms of museums
I'd like to see
other rooms beneath the miracle
that might be inside me.

--Robin Y.

A dark night.
Gray wolves upon me.

--Lee Ann A.

And look at these, all by a boy named Tony:

All of us
remember when
the art we took was fun.

Let all that think
of you live in
vain
even if they are my friends.

Language is
an awful thing.
No one likes it.
Go and see
under water
and
go and
end your life.

Did you notice that these are vertical name poems, in this case about art, love, and language? If you didn't, maybe you are not reading as carefully as you should.

Not all students write as well as Tony and Pamela. Many don't come close. How do you encourage the struggling masses?

Sometimes a poem will be 90% cliche, gibberish and inside jokes. But it may also have qualities worth discussing. Music, for example. In this case, music may mean two words, lines apart, having similar sounds or repetition of vowels (assonance) or consonants (consonance):

Singing chimes in the wind
wandering in the air
full of cool, icy dreams.

Sounds of Animals

Horses clop very loud
Cows' moos make a nice tune
Snakes slide slow
Seagulls glide over sea
Puppies bounce up and down
Kittens pounce around
Lions roar very noisy
But I walk nicely.

Admittedly, this second one is not an example of predictable language, especially from a fifth grader. These lines, each a poem in itself, hang together as one poem because of what the author does in the last line, bringing herself (or her "persona") to the edge of this zoo collection of creatures and wild beasts and declaring her humanity in no uncertain terms. "Clop" and "moos" and "snakes slide slow" and "glide" following "slide" as "pounce" follows "bounce" with "roar" bringing up

the rear--all these words that sound like what they describe (onomatopoeia) bring enormous life to this writing.

Here's one a little less dazzling:

> Thunder
> is as loud
> as my mother's voice
> yelling at me.
>
> *--Michelle P.*

This one-dimensional image (or is it?) is the product of a literal approach to the challenge of writing similes, or comparisons. Once praised, what to say? What about the musical quality that begins at "thunder" and is picked up again by the word "mother's" in line three? Say them to yourself. Thunder. Mother. Thundermother. Both words come from the same resonance in the throat (and heart?) and give this poem its essential bit of musical unity.

Try another:

> The crackle of a fire--like a cat playing ball with foil.
>
> *--Michelle P.*

Can you hear the connection among the "f" sounds? "of" "fire" "foil?" And among "ball" and "foil" and "crackle"?

Even an honest error can give rise to a lesson in possibilities:

> The radio has been hear for years
> I like to listen to it with my ears.

The second line is forced and fails, not only because it makes the poem a singsong but because of the redundancy of what is being said. How else to listen but with one's ears? (This is not to say that the line could not succeed, as is, in another context). But the first line is a gem due to the (inadvertent?) misspelling of the word "here." That writer might be interested that some poets do that on purpose--misspelling key words to force mutiple interpretations on their work. That student has opened an entire area of inquiry. And if he/she swears on a stack of trading cards that it was done intentionally, so much the better. Half the art of writing is believing you can, anyhow.

The beginning of this essay hinted that I'd tell you how to translate your judgments into easily understood language. I lied. I don't have the formula for that, for it is a chemical function of the

rapport between teacher and student. What I will suggest, however, is that you continue to do one thing you probably do already or you would not have read this far: be honest in all conversations with your students about poetry. If you don't know, say so. Poems are mysterious amalgams of music and meaning that often go beyond literal interpretation. Don't fight it. Your students will respect you for your candor and for allowing them to be awed, excited, perplexed and ecstatic, often all at the same time. And they may learn to trust those feelings and rely on them for future poems, knowing they need not be locked within, but evaluated honestly, with your sympathy, attention, encouragement and blessing.

GIVING VOICE

Dana Naone

"Every time I dream, I go through a doorway," the first line of a poem by a sixth grade student, expresses better than I can the atmosphere and feeling I hoped the three classes I visited at Wahiawa Elementary School would sense each time they sat down to write. On each visit I had a general idea for a writing exercise in mind, then according to the current I felt in the individual classes and individual students, I improvised on the poetry idea that had been brought in for the day. It was a way of leaving the door open to the possibility of things happening in the classroom as the moment dictated. The result was a spontaneous, and even combustible, time for myself as well as the students.

My own feelings about the idea of "teaching" poetry writing have been evolving since I first started in the Poets-in-the-Schools Program four years ago. At the workshop held with the teachers at Wahiawa, I said I hoped it wouldn't sound too gratuitous for me to say that I didn't think anyone could be taught to write poetry, that poetry is a far too delicate, subtle, elusive and powerful art. I was more comfortable calling what I did with the students exercises in imaginative writing, if one had to call it anything at all. The point was to make things less self-conscious, and less structured. What I aimed for lay in the opposite direction from the kind of workbook assignments the students continually engaged in. As a consequence, any attempts at introducing the students to some of the formal elements of poetry were done with as little fanfare as possible. I relied, in great part, on their tuning into the energy from which poems (here a prejudice in that I'm talking about the poems I pay attention to) arise and which they generate. Equally important with what I do say in class, is what I don't say. Children have fantastic radar, and know instinctively where the real energy lies once assured that they're free to dip into it and are encouraged to do so. With that basic trust, one doesn't have to belabor issues, just get on with the task at hand, urging the kids to write what

they feel, what they imagine. What comes is recognizably genuine:

I had a dream that someone
was talking to me. But
I didn't know who;
that person touched me,
which gave me a chill.
People were knocking on
my door so loud, that
I couldn't stand it; I
opened the door and no-
one was there.
I heard my mother calling
me, but I couldn't get
up to answer.

--*Margaret*

With a poem like the one above, I find that I don't have to do much talking about how one can write about a personal experience that every child and adult who remembers being a child, reading the poem, can feel touched by and share in; that the strength of poems lies, in part, in the particular experience, or the particulars of experience. The following example is more fantastical, but has the same authority of experience:

I dreamed a pumkin headed
person was chasing me, so I ran
in my neighbor's yard, somehow
I jumped in the car with them,
and the car wouldn't stop. We
rode for blocks and blocks, finally
the sun broke through the
dreary clouds, then it seemed
as tho a lion headed person
had stopped the car.

--*Dina*

As one might expect, particularly in the elementary grades, there are some students who have a bare grasp of writing skills. I received a poem from one fourth grade student written in a kind of shorthand. If it were merely ungrammatical it wouldn't be interesting, but the piece is infused with real energy and power:

I was dreaming that I was
playing with my friend in
the straw and stabbed I pull it
out and the blood came down
my friend to help but it was
too late I died.

--*David*

I expanded one exercise by suggesting that students could write about the opposite of the dictated assignments, which had to do with memory. If they had trouble remembering anything that they felt like writing about, I said that they could write about all the things they had forgotten. We began the class by reading two poems by Jean Follain. Rather than attempt to explain the feeling of time and memory in Follain's work, I used the poems to create an atmosphere, asking the students to pay attention to the sound of the words and to try to picture what Follain was writing about. One student explored almost every combination of what amounts to two words, "remember" and "forgot," with astonishing sophistication. The rhythm that builds and carries the poem is something I could never have told that student how to achieve. He picked it up himself.

I Remembered

I remembered that I remembered
something, but I forgot what I
remembered, now I remember what
I remembered. What I remembered
is that I forgot I remembered
and I said I remembered what
I forgot. Then I remembered what
I forgot it was, I forgot what
I remembered. Because I remembered
something else. The thing I remembered
was I forgot I remembered.
What did I forget? I forgot that
I remembered something I forgot.
I forgot that because I have too
much to remember. One of those
things is that I remembered that I
forgot what I remembered. Now I
remembered what I forgot what I remembered.
So, I remembered what I forgot.
But I forgot that I remembered
that I Was supposed to remember
what I forgot, so I forgot it.
Another of those things I remembered
is that I forgot what I remembered.
Today I remember what I forgot I
remembered. What I forgot is that
I have to write about what I remembered.

--*Thomas*

I further suggested that remembering could also take the form of the memory of having been something else before being born in this life:

As I opened my eyes the
clearness of life opened its door.
The greeness of plant-life scattered
about me; the scent of flowers
filled the air. As a flying object
neared me it spoke as if it
was talking to me. I had soon
found out that it was a blue jay.

--*Janet*

Or the memory of something that one imagines having happened:

I remember I cut the grass
but when I looked behind I
saw the grass was taller than
it was before. I went back and
cut it again, but it was even taller.
So I got some gasoline and poured
it all over the grass and threw
a match on it.
When the fire was over I
saw that my house was burned
down, but the grass was taller.

--*Marvin*

That same day I asked some of the students who had finished earlier than others to make up a definition for their names. One girl wrote about her name, Shelley: "I would like my name to mean rain drops falling very heavy by the sidewalk."

Another day, I brought in mimeographed copies of Frederico Garcia Lorca's "Guitar" and "Dawn" to introduce the idea of images, which I called "a new way of seeing." The students were free to imagine that they possessed any kind of extraordinary powers of vision to help them see their world, or the next world, in a new way. My only request was that they describe what they saw:

I saw a tree dancing with the wind,
it was also singing. When the
leaves fell they were dancing also.

I saw a school of fish go walking by.
The fish wore diamond necklaces and crowns.

I saw angels in heaven eating steak.
God was making another body.
The angels wore furs. So beautiful!

--*Naomi*

I watched my mother
in her pink bikini
bathing in the sun,
soon it started raining
and I saw her no longer.

When the sun came up later
my mother appeared again,
she was more beautiful
than she ever was.

She had roses and tulips
in her hair and a fancy
hair do,
it soon began to rain and
all of a sudden flowers
of every kind bloomed
all over the world.

--Merry

I saw the sun
rise at dawn. Its
rays made of burning
light. The fire which
roared within the sun
heated the cold morning.
My third eye then saw
rain coming from the
sun's eyes, But as the
drops fell it turned to
ice. As I touched the
burning ice. . .
my sky-blue hands
turned to rings of fire.

--Janet

I had a ball
Not the one that you throw.
A rainbow is coming out of it.
It is on a cloudy day
The trees began swaying
The wind blew my ball away
Far up into a cloud
And it busted
I could see nothing but black
Until ribbons, balloons, bubbles and strings
Came down from the cloud.
Stars came down upon me
Then glittering people began surrounding me.
It was only for a minute
And they soon disappeared.

--Joyce

I saw a 100 foot flower.
With green fingers grabbing purple
apples. On a 1 inch tree with pink
leaves falling on the blue grass.
With silver brains in their orange
heads. Next to the round blocks
with transparent legs.

--*Thomas*

During my last visit I asked the students to write about themselves saying both real and fanciful things about who they thought and felt they were, or turning that around and writing about who they were not. On an impulse, I also suggested that they include a country or place name in what they wrote, if possible. We made a random list on the board, and then the kids turned loose:

I am not,
California where it snows
everyday, I am not Texas
where Mexicans pray, I am
not Vietnam where poor people stay,
I am not me, I am you.

--*no name*

I am not
a flower
which sits there
with morning dew
like a million
little jewels
falling off
each time a wind
comes in the dense
woods of Canada.

--*Fern*

I am an orange
I am grown in California
at first I was a seed
Then a fruit, now I ripe
but nobody likes sour oranges
I am sour
I am not a vegetable
I am a fruit
Then suddenly Drop!
I fall, and then start to rot
on North American ground.

--*Wendy*

One student wrote a poem that is so remarkably Buddhist in feeling and insight that it makes me think the gate has been left open somewhere:

I never was I

and I always was I. Since I was
born I was I. After I was born I never
came I. I was I when I never was I. I
have I and I don't have I. I am just
I. When I am not I, I am I. Forever
I will be I but not I. I will continue
to be I until I am not I. I am not
I now. I am also I now.

What characterized the work of these children is boundless energy, life and vitality. As one student put it, "I am just me/alive and free." Or the wonderful upsurge at the end of the poem written by a fourth grader:

I am not the mosquito
on his arm.
I am not the lion
in the zoo.
I am not the fish
in the water.
I am the human in
the boat.

--*Mark*

CHINESE IMAGERY

Wayne Westlake

"A man's character is revealed in every brush-stroke."

-- Confucius

English is a language of words, Chinese a language of pictures. English strings letters arbitrarily together to produce "words," that through learning, we associate mentally with the proper meaning or image. The Chinese simply draw the pictures. In Chinese all characters are images. In English, the words themselves are never images. The Chinese have a saying: "One picture is worth 10,000 words."

I begin by asking the children if rain looks like RAIN or like ; if the moon looks like MOON or like ; if the sun looks like SUN or like ; if mountains look like MOUNTAINS or like ; etc. It's simple enough and obvious to everyone. The kids catch on fast and start shouting out "NO!" before I even begin to write the word. I tell them that not all languages use words--some, particularly Chinese, use pictures.

Priming the children to think in pictures rather than words, I draw a number of primitive Chinese pictographs on the board. I ask them to draw the pictures and make up a meaning for each one. I sometimes call these pictographs "cave drawings" or hieroglyphics, but actually they are inscriptions found on ancient fortune-telling turtle bones--the earliest known use of Chinese written language.

= Sun

= Moon

= Sun and Moon together = brightness

= Tree

= Heart

= Stream

= Evil eyes

= Mountain

= Fish

= Rain

= Horse

= Man

= Worm

The images look simple but you'd be surprised at what the children come up with. Ancient Chinese writing is incredibly simple and childlike, making it ideally suited for sparking a child's simple imagination.

I don't tell the children the real meaning of course, only give them the ancient pictograph. By making up their own meanings the children essentially create their own language. And now to use it. I ask the children to write "picture poems" using no words, only the pictures I've given them. After drawing the picture poems I ask them to translate it into English, so that I might be able to understand their scribbled drawings.

Some fascinating results:

The river sparkled by the light of the full moon.
The fish in the river had cold eyes.
Rain fell on my nose.
The snake was in the grass.
The dogs paw got wet in the river.

--Sharlene Lum, gr. 5
Kaala

The birds flew
over the mountains,
into the white clouds
like a fish swimming in a river,
in the bright sun
past the moon.

--Marie Baligad, gr. 6
Kaala

The lizard on the branch
was trying to peel a banana
with his paw.

--Kenny Kawamoto, gr. 6
Kaala

One fish was captured
in a boat, his eyes
were furious and he
said I'm the King of
fishes they should
know that, can't they
see my crown?

--Cathy Capellman, gr. 6
Hickam

Doesn't the moon
look like
a banana?

--Kelly McMahon, gr. 5
Aliamanu

The
stickman
had no
face

--Dawn Jaeger, gr. 5
Aliamanu

the nose was near
the eyes and the eyes
looked up at the moon.

--Jacquelyn, gr. 5
Aliamanu

The waterfall is
mighty, powerful,
as it rushes and gushes
into the lake.

--Laurie Smith, gr. 6
Aliamanu

Crashing through the forest
Crawling down the mountains
Shining for the sun
Glowing for the moon
My heart beats rapidly for
The running water
As evil eyes watch me, run!

--*Lani Mayfield, gr. 6*
Hickam

Poem

The moon gave way to the shining sun
as I followed the tracks
a feather in my head and a hammer in my sack
I fell asleep
but when I opened my eyes
I could see nothing but clouds in the sky.

--*Tuan Vu (Vietnamese refugee), gr. 6*
Aliamanu

Next I offer to show the children some "Chinese tricks." Using more modern stylized Chinese characters I show them how the Chinese magically create whole new images simply by adding other images together. Chinese characters are either single, simple images or more complex images built up by intriguing combinations. This combining of images to create other different images is one of the most fascinating aspects of the Chinese written language.

= Sun = Moon = Sun and Moon together = Brightness

I ask the class what Sun and Moon both are. The children grow lively, finally hitting on the fact that both are very bright.

= Sun = Tree = Sun through Tree = East

"Where does the Sun rise?" I ask. "East!" the children shout back.

= Woman = Roof Woman under Roof = Peace and Contentment

"How does a woman feel inside a house?" The ladies in the class all agree that a woman in her house feels peaceful and content.

= Woman = Child = Woman and Child = Goodness

"A woman with her child is a picture of what?" "Goodness!"

= Two women together = Arguments

I ask what two women do together? "Talk." "Go shopping." "Argue." Two women together in Chinese means to argue.

= Three women together = Adultery and Wickedness

"A man has three women--what kind of man is that?" I ask. "Bad!" "Rich!" "Tired!" the children shout, finally coming around to wickedness and adultery.

= Man = Mountain = Man Mountain = Immortal

"How long does a mountain live?" "For ever!" the children scream! Very good! By now they are filled with images and fired-up enough to begin writing poems.

Other images:

= Moon = Two moons = "buddies" = friends

= Sun = Tree = Sun under Tree = Darkness, Mystery

 = Sun over Tree = Bright sunlight, daytime

= Sun = Horizon = Sun on Horizon = Sunrise

人 = Man 从 = Two men following each other
人 = Man 木 = Tree 休 = Man and Tree = To rest
人 = Man 田 = Field 佃 = Man and Field = Farmers
木 = Tree 林 = Two trees = Grove 森 = Three trees = Forest

Peaceful Woman quarreled with Wicked Man.
Wicked Man took a grove.
The grove was Peaceful Woman's.
Wicked Man was from East, did not
know how to work a grove.

Man and Woman following Peace
into the forest to the East.
Sun was rising,
eye was seeing,
as Man and Woman followed Peace.

--*Kathleen Moorehead, gr. 5*
Hickam

In the village two women were in a fight,
The strong men were following each other. 从

--*Steve Kehoe, gr. 5*
Hickam

A lady two ladies three ladies
sun going up and down sun above
a tree sun below a tree
sun between tree man on
a mountain two moons.

--*Jerry Chang, gr. 4*
Aiamanu

The sun shines brightly.
The stream is peaceful.
The moon rolls in with wickedness in his heart.
The immortal giant argues within his thoughts.

--*Diana Reyes, gr. 6*
Hickam

Very often children choose to write short, simple poems based on a single Chinese image. The kids seem fond of the image of Sun and Moon together: = Ming = Brightness. I've come to call these the "Ming Poems." Several are exceptional--a couple in particular are near masterpieces in simplicity.

People in love
like the sun and moon
coming together
over the hills.

--Cheryl McDougall, gr. 5
Hickam

Who Am I

Who am I?
Am I a moon and sun,
or an earth and moon,
or am I an apple and
banana. Who do you
think I am???

--Donna Rice, gr. 5
Aliamanu

When you look at the moon,
it looks like an orange.
After awhile it looks
like a banana.

--Christine Benitez, gr. 5
Aliamanu

There was a Moon who had a Sun.

--David Cannon, gr. 6
Hickam

By far the most difficult exercise I attempt in teaching Chinese imagery is one of translation. I use short Chinese poems by Li Po 李白 (699-762), China's greatest poet. Among other things he is famous for his expert use of Nature imagery and for his simplicity -- simplicity being something strived for in Chinese poetry (quite unlike English poetry today!). The poems I use, "In the Mountains--You Ask, I Answer" and "Summer Day in the Mountains," are simple four-line (chüeh-chü) "short poems"--one with seven characters per line the other with five characters, both with four character titles. So the children are given between 24 and 32 Chinese images to work with.

I give the children the poem in Chinese, the sounds of the characters, and a varied assortment of possible literal meanings for each individual character. I read the poem in the best Mandarin I can muster and urge the kids to begin picking, piecing, puzzling together some sort of meaning for each line, aiming ultimately at coming up with a poem (a translation?).

I encourage them to feel absolutely free to do anything they please with the images they have before them. My favorite quote on translation: "In the end you put down anything you like." I also try to convince them that it is not necessary to use the exact words that I've supplied, but to try to find other, more poetic words to express their thoughts. This is exactly what the poet must do once he or she has worked up a literal translation. As expected, most children choose to write literally, yet enough are free and literary.

Literal:

slowly shake white feathered fan.
naked body color of nature forest within.
take off cap, think of stone wall.
bare head shiver fir tree wind.

--Billy Mason, gr. 6
Hickam

Literary:

Summer days within the mountain nights.
Slowly the wave cleared the flight of wind.
A black forest within a solid strip.
Think of stonewalls capping emptiness.

--Diana Reyes, gr. 6
Hickam

Within the green forests, solid handsome bodies take off their clothes.
Uncover pine trees so that wind can breathe insane dew.
Think of a stonewall as a hat.
Sluggish waves clear their white feathers slowly with a fan.

--Rebecca Carskadden, gr. 5
Hickam

Summer Day

the body is solid as a mountain
you need a fan a cap of hat
and you sit on a rock
the mornings soft as dew.

--Dean Wilson, gr. 6
Hickam

Because I encourage the kids to do anything they like with their translations, they often use more than one meaning for each character. This image expansion sometimes causes the youngsters' minds to overflow with thoughts. I find there is enough imagery suggested in a single line of Chinese for the children to write four or five lines in English. More than once kids have had so much bouncing around in their brains to write a whole poem based on the four character title!

To take advantage of this creative overflow I recommend three or four line stanzas in English for each line of Chinese. It is hard for the children to sustain poetic intensity throughout their entire poem, but occasionally individual stanzas stand out spectacularly.

The following poems derived from one line or less of Chinese:

I investigated
An island of jade
And stayed
Wondering why.

--*Julie Hadley, gr. 5*
Aliamanu

I will have
a long life near
the river with
mysterious blooming plants
flowing
a large circle
around me.

--*Angelina Cruz, gr. 5*
Aliamanu

People ask questions.
I reply nothing.
Ask me how all I'll say is
I wish I lived
In the green hill.

--*Ellen, gr. 5*
Aliamanu

Lazy bird shake your white feathers
Lift your naked body out of your nest
Become the color of Nature, fly!

--*Russ, gr. 5*
Hickam

I sometimes ask
myself when will
my wish come true
for I want
to stay in that green
and blue Island
that
keeps interrupting
my dreams.

--*Vicki Vetter, gr. 5*
Aliamanu

I laugh and laugh.
I don't mind having whiskers.
Echos still answer me!

--*Kathleen Regan, gr. 4*
Aliamanu

Don't cry
Laugh and smile
Make fun of life.
Beautiful flowers
decorate dark days.

--*Kelli Moros, gr. 6*
Aliamanu

(Following are several interesting successes at sustaining intensity throughout a longer poem).

Look into the Grave and Fall into the Echo

Ask me why I wish to stay on a green island.
Make fun of my whiskers and you won't return to Nature's mind itself.
Beautiful peach flowers spreading through the dark night corners wash away
Is there another Nature-ground without people inside?

--*John P., gr. 4*
Aliamanu

(A remarkable piece of translation, staying very close to the original).

In the mountain
The center has strange
Questions.
People investigate
And return without
the answer.
Long life flowers keep
Flowing like water.
There's a secret
But know one knows it.
Always leave water.

--Jerry Chang, gr. 4
Aliamanu

And all of
of sudden flowers
started to bloom
while my heart
started to relive
And every night the secret why
by the hill I should go
I pray! Thy away.
God don't separate
Heaven from me
Amen.

--Ramona Villa, gr. 5
Aliamanu

I return to my father's grave
On a hill red green and blue stands
His only wish I never knew it
There were no smiles on our whiskers
Over the river over the dim blurry mountain
Stands our home
My father is in Heaven
He is in the sky
That's the way nature and god planned it
Without people knowing.

--David Bruce, gr. 6
Aliamanu

I stand near the center
of the mountain
and ask it a question
my answer comes back
in an echo

I love to sit and rest
as I gaze at the blue sky
on the hill near
the mountain

I smile
and yet
don't really understand
this imaginary person
that I have locked in my mind
to think
and dream about

long life can be beautiful
flowing like a stream
but it can be mysterious
and dark
like a hidden secret
in the distance

Nature rests
here on earth
and yet
it's beauty
stretches across
the universe

--Laurie Smith, gr. 6
Aliamanu

The mountains
center questioned
when the echo returned.
I questioned myself
when the Idea
rested in my mind.
I smiled
but
yet
I don't know
nature naturally.
Peaches
flowers
moving
spreading
mysteriously.
Separate the skies
of heaven
drifting
without
the wind.

--Wayne Leigh, gr. 6
Aliamanu

One of the more unusual and original poems to come out of this translation exercise is one using Chinese sounds. Chinese poetry is extremely musical and one boy decided to include Chinese sounds in his poem. Due to misspellings and writing errors the original version is virtually incomprehensible. I've corrected it here because I love it so much. By its marvelous use of sound it hits straight to the heart of poetry. It rings like Chinese music in my ears!

The Hsia Jih in the Shan Grove

Chung the two towns
The Lan Yao with the Po Yu gave a
Shan to the Lo Ti in the
Ching Lin that Chung and Tuo
your Chin and Qua it on the
Shih Pi and Lu from Ting to
toe and Shai with the Sung
in the Feng!

—*Jim, gr. 5*
Hickam

At first I thought the translation exercise might be a bit too complicated for the children, but once they understand exactly what to do, once they get the hang of it, they immerse themselves in it and enjoy. Judging from the results, and the number of leis I get, I find that translation exercises can be a very useful technique for getting kids to write. Giving them the "bones" of a poem and letting them "flesh" it out, provides a special stimulus for the creation of poetry. It gives them interesting ideas to play with, to juggle around in their minds. Moreover, it exposes them to something poetic that is so foreign, so new, mysterious and even bizarre, that they plunge right in with characteristic childhood curiosity. The role of the teacher is not so much to teach any particular subject, but to teach learning itself. By exciting the children's natural curiosity they will learn just about anything by themselves. It is only natural. Chinese poetry has lots to offer everyone, expecially children.

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SECTION II

STUDENT POEMS

Harvest the kite by
glass. Unorganized
but still seen through
side interior with
wood on my side
called a pane. Who
am I? from the
air?

--*Lawrence Pascua, gr. 6*
Webling

Even when I come home
Voices come in my body
And nobody knows if I am home

--*Evalyn Ventura, gr. 4*
Waialua

Heart mountain. Fish in the running water.
Two friends fish in the forest.

--*Evalyn Ventura, gr. 4*
Waialua

Mystery to China?

The closer you look,
underground
moon beams
all ways
help
Black Sand
Beach and white
tip rocks.

--*Scott Antonio, gr. 4*
Kaala

In the fall rain, haze, air
Slide over the fur road.

--*Cimone, gr. 6*
Aiea

A Shark

Sharpteeth whiteteeth
Danger in water Bite not a
pain killer

--*Jonathan Burge*
Webling

Harvest the teeth
As sharp as a thorn
As gray as clay mud
Connected to jaws with teeth
Teeth grew as wild,
as wild grass.

--Lance Matsuoka, gr. 6
Webling

Phantom Dream

One night on the
Island of Guam,
I had a dream
of the strangest
little old thing.
I felt like a
phantom was watching
me with a camera
inside my dream.
Meanwhile, in my
dream I dreamed
I was climbing a
cliff and all of a
sudden I lost my
footing and fell two
miles down, down, down,
then a cloud had gotten
in view of the phantom's
camera and me out of view.
And, suddenly I heard a
THUMP and got a great
big bump but when I woke
up I realized that I had
fallen out of bed.

--Steve M., gr. 6
Wheeler

I sat by the river
Under a willow
Nobodys there
Quiet as can be
The clouds moving in the sky.

--Tammy, gr. 6
Haleiwa

I stuck my sticky tongue in the blue milk and then my face turned blue and my hair got noodely and my ears got hairy. But I did not panic because everything turned normal. But I had spilled some of the blue milk on the sink. I went to see if anything happened, and something bad happened the pipes had hair coming out. I did not panic I brought the barber over to trim the pipes.

--Sandra
Pearl Harbor

I expected my mind to be silver and clean but it wasn't. It was dark and dusty and it looked dark like a cave. My mind hurt while I was looking for moonlight to get out. I was singing to my self while it was raining and finally I got out.

--Glenn O.
Mililani - waena

Center circle is always
Easy to
Color
Ever green

--Cece Dew, gr. 6
Pearl Harbor Kai

I carried my silver present
Down the soft road
In the beautiful ice wind...

--Lawrence, gr. 4
Salt Lake

I disappeared into a dark cave.
I cried for my mother.
An eel held a grey spear.
I crawled to my mother.
The eel pointed his hand at me.
I stepped in some mud.
The hand grabbed my hibiscus.
I grinned. I crawled to the eel.
HE hit me with a canoe.

--Tom C.
Mililani - waena

Moonlight disappears
over rocky fire.

Father attacked
a soft hollow body.

--Andy Andrews
Nimitz

Yarborough is a sly one yes
A sly one when she goes babysitting she
chaRges 75 cents yes 75 cents she is a
Barbarian yes she is she
shOuld go to the funny
faRm yes indeed she
shOuld why I bet she pulls peoples hair she's
Ugly too she looks like a
Gorilla yes she does
yarborougH is a sly one yes she is

--Cathy
Mililani - uka

Young
Octopuses
liNger
And
Meditate
In the
Nile
rivEr

--Dean, gr. 5
Salt Lake

Glue
melts
when
the
ocean
turns
into
a
stream
or
a
person
smells
a
little
bit
of
the
metal
that
grows
an
inch
every
year.

--*Anonymous*
Scott

A tree in front of the mountain.
A volcano erupting?
Let me fell the cross
Let me have the hook.
Is it a side V?
It's an end of a house.
I see a music symbol.
A lantern that I have.
Let's go to the mountains.
I see a rock by grass.
I see a music symbol.
A house?
A mountain?

--*Nathan*
Pearl Ridge

In the purple sunset
there's an old ghost town.
An old yellowing picture
has evil black-eyes
that move the misty-hammer.

--Kelly A., gr. 6
Hale Kula

One day a mynah bird was over
a silver sunset. And the wind
blew hard and the kukui nut tree
danced and the branches made music.
And the fire pointed at the
branches and the mynah bird cried
father!
and the problem was solved.

--Wendy
Mililani - waena

I am a firely ball overlooking the streets of violence
that swiftly turned to the city but has yet to find
a place where no one has gone before. The ghost
that haunts my house is a mere old man rattling
chains and every night he goes to lie in a
raggedy old lamp shade which is a dull thing
I am yet to find my destiny as the future
glows before me but yet if I were to live I would
be in endless space reaching toward an unknown
planet yet to be reached by an unordinary
person but a space creature as though he
was at the ennnnnnnd.

--Greg Stone, gr. 5
Pearl Harbor Kai

We PUNISH the BALD LITTLE BUSHES that are
CLIMBING the great FOUNTAINS of INDIAN TIME.
TODAY, CARDINALS eat ABOUT two ELEPHANT VALLEYS
in two DAYS.
In five days, PIRATES eat FAMOUS DESERT CEMENT.
I have a WITNESS that said he saw TICKS flying
to JUPITER.

--Anonymous
Wheeler

I dreamed me and family and some of my relatives went in the coffin until two dead men came because they had to go in the coffin. After that we went some place. Then we came back and two lady have to wear something on their head then they have to go in the coffin then close the light and a ghost going to make sound and the ghost can see true the coffin.

--Caroline, gr. 4
Kunia

PEOPLE IMAGINE
GREY POISON CRYING
AND THEY PICK PAINTED EGGS
DEEP IN THE WINDY FIELDS.
THEY PICK THE ROOT BY THE SKIN.
ONE TIME, THEY BOUGHT A RADIO
AND LISTENED TO THE SILENT
CEREMONY WORLD WHILE THEY
WERE AT HOME WITH A LACED BALL
WRITING A MYTH.

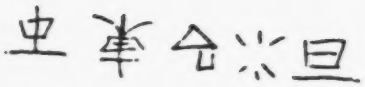
--Anonymous
Mililani - uka

The doll who is walking.
Skin.
     Lion is crying.
Who is a song?
Who is playing piano?
Who is crashing?
Girl screaming in the window.
Who is playing trumpet?
Who is playing harmonica?
Gorilla is crying and walking.
     Man and woman are singing.

--*Sun Min, gr. 4*
Pearl Ridge

The moon and the sun play in the running water
The heart joins the moon and the sun.
The moon says good by. and goes away. and now
the sun and the heart meet a man talking
to the moon.

--*Lorrie Antonelli, gr. 4*
Waialua



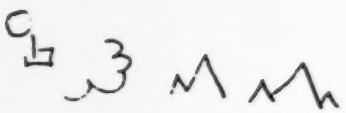
As I was chopping the wood under the park tree I saw the twilight shine over the waterfall.

--*Karen, gr. 6*
Kipapa

THE BUS CARRIED FAT TOURISTS
THAT HAD PROBLEMS FALLING ASLEEP
IN THE VALLEY WORLD.

--*Tricia*
Mililani - uka

Sun setting
lamp goes on
cloud spreading mountains
hard to see.



--*Tracy, gr. 5*
Kipapa

thread a needle pick a vine and watch the rain fall on the edge of the valley the surface of the water is asleep now but tomorrow we will pick a vine and smoke behind the wall our toe is slick because we wash it and next time ride a root in the evening

--*Joey, gr. 6*
Salt Lake

The face of the moon!
It has come to take one of us away.
Everyone run into their house.

--*Kristy Y., gr. 6*
Mokulele

In the city garden a man said I will plant a seed
and make a gate.
A boy came and said can I help you? And then I'll make
a key to the city gate. You have to wear boots. O.K. Now
go home and sleep and cover yourself good because it will be cold.
Wake up 7:00 ..... The sun was high. It was windy...

... my head was a vine
I holded my heart
I felt the island swallowed by
a vanilla crab
Venus Earth was everywhere. !!!

--*Jan, gr. 4*
Aiea

The shining pond
shines so bright-
that the
stars are
ashamed.

--*Stephen C., gr. 6*
Hale Kula

All about chalkboards

Chalkboards in the trash.
I sit on a stool.
and then outside my window I hear
crash boom pow zap ah.
and out came a man and he was embarrased

he was embarrased because his invention didn't work.

--*Aaron, gr. 4*
Pearl Harbor Kai

This LEMON is as DRY as STONE POPCORN.
Watch out, that OCTOPUS and OTTER are
CREEPING up like a BULLDOZER.
PEOPLE sure can be crafty when there's
a LOT of FREE coke's.
HELLO, do you like the WORLDWIDE EMERALD
TRUCK service? WHY do you ask?
I just saw a SILKY POLAR BEAR and an
APPLE-looking BELL and OLD-looking
TEACHERS in their under SHORTS.

--Richard Cragg
Wheeler

Blue hydrants by celophane flowers
at the yacht in the harbor
with a dog biting a man by a bike with a 8 trac
Rightover the hill is the door of fantasy
with newspaper taxis and shark teeth of silver
On the other side lies a diamond hotel with
crystal like fish

a runner from nowhere comes with a gun that
can't shoot, but has a bullet of satin

--Derrick Kida, gr. 6
Moanalua

If you take your eyeball and look
through someones brown teeth
you will see a rock inside a shoe
and on the rock will be
an ice cream castle with a yellow hippo
guarding it and a river around the castle.
In the river would be a sailboat.
Under the sailboat will be a hairy fish
with a black nectarine in his mouth.

--Blair
Makalapa

YOU'D PINCH DRACULA if you want A NIGHTMARE but I wouldn't even dare.
The TEN MYSTERY WAVES I went to look at the SEA looking for an IDEA
for me When I went to look to see I saw ten waves looking at me I
looked back only to see the ten waves were running away from me.

--Anonymous
Helemano

Crazy Wishes

I wish I were a refrigerator
but I'm only a piggy bank
filled with shells and fish
I'm so lonely it's like being in a bottomless pit
with a waterfall.
I'm so sad I feel like being kidnapped
then somebody would pay attention to me.
I cried myself to sleep that night
and had a bad dream. I dreamed
that I was being mugged by Godzilla
after that I woke up.

--Karen
Shafter

Wind the point - then lean on the problem.

--Michael (a girl)
Makalapa

A boy grown to work hard
for gold in the war when
the devil dies and trouble
comes--we won with bloody arrows
down some lie
and some were loony and jump
and shout. Wee, then,
we visit the ghost
and celebrate.

--Anonymous
Iliahi

I am unspoken of

I am unspoken of
I can walk through
my house but no
one can see me
nobody speaks
of me for I am
unspoken of---

I can walk
through a meadow
but no one will
know for I am
unspoken of

A horse can
run wild and
I will be upon
him but he
will not know
for I am unspoken
of---
--
--I can walk
up a flight of
stairs and my
mother will
look out but
she will not
see for I am unspoken of.

--DeAnna Gaines
Solomon

a crying dog
a dead cat
a broken blue glass

--Sally G.
Nimitz

Diamonds

Asparagus grows beside the lane
and every morning after rain
The leaves hold drops of water high
The rising sun with generous light
will make each drop a diamond bright
To shine against the velvet sky.

--*Anonymous*
Wheeler

We go hunting when it is red.
We don't have meat because we scared them.
When flowers appear people goes away.
I hate beautiful human beings.
When I see a shark I cry.
I bite my self when I am in the graveyard.
Beware of ants.
Porcupine is my favorite food.

--*Cesar Pudiquet, gr. 6*
Waialua

words never enter the air
they only float
until they reach someone's ear

--*Patrick, gr. 6*
Mokulele

The magic rock is oval and sharp
and it glows in the moonlight. It barks
when the wind blows

--*Tina Coffelt*
Hickam

The birds feet are on fire
next to a flower
with a nice stem
and he is in the middle
surrounded by fire.

--*Cecilia, gr. 5*
Kipapa

As I was walking down
this old street I
saw this old house
I went inside and
I saw this map
I took it and looked
at it as I looked
at it, it lead me
to this hot and sunny
Island.
When I reach there
I saw my family
looking for water.
They didn't want me
to help them
So I turned
back and went home.
As I reach home
I saw them laying
on their beds!

--*Sonia, gr. 5*
Kunia

I harvest Lines
and I turn blue to my heart
and pencils kiss pens
erasers turn to stone
and my pants are of paper
my shirt turns to paint

--Patti Day, gr. 5
Webling

the electric piano
plays long songs
that sound like quiet valleys
with broad trees

with leaves falling
into the ashes
and threads flying
around

--Jinny, gr. 6
Salt Lake

The rose patch was harvest in the
Spring when the color was green
The roses were rolled in a roll of carpet
The window was open so that rain could fall on the carpet
The new record played a song so the roses could grow

The snake slid into the window to eat the picture of the donut
The donut sang a song of a rose
The color of the donut changed from
rose pink to brown

--Carrie V., gr. 4
Webling

I got some money from my house.
I found a crab in the river.
I found a pretty stone.
I got a doll from the planet.
I will buy some food.
I will take my friend with me.
I found some dirt in the hole.
I will show my mother my things.

--Kerry
Shafter

The sun has risen beyond the hills,
and spreads its gleaming rays
upon all window sills. But
far off in another place it is
still night; for when we are
night they are light.
"So we will never hear the Wind's
Song together"
Unless of a miracle (the sun stays
in one place) we will wait
(not very long) for the others
from the other place:
"To hear the Wind's Song!"

--Tracy Loeffelholz, gr. 6
Kaala

Last night I dreamed that I went for a walk under a rainbow, I followed the rainbow until I came to the end. At the end there was a prism. The prism was in charge of all the rainbows. I asked him how to wake up from this dream. He said to pinch myself. So I did and I woke up.

--Alan A., gr. 6
Haleiwa

Ele-ake is the kind that would
eat the world. He has his
father's swamp
and his mother's eyes of
Mongolian ear. Watch out!
If he touches you, ICK!

--Anonymous
Iliahi

Mynah,
sleep
in the rain
inherit
spoiled illusions

--*Byron*
Scott

One crazy night
the moon shone white
my eyes felt like
it was to bleed
in a sharp twinkle
it was gone
and I went home crying

--*Cindy, gr. 6*
Aiea

I was walking in a dark forest
and a light kept flashing.
When I was close the light was
far but I kept chasing the light.

--*Devin, gr. 6*
Haleiwa

I Like to Have Fun

I like to run in the grass,
It feels like bugs are crawling under
my feet,
Sometimes I go with my friends and
we roll down the hill where the
grass grows tall.

--*Daneil Elvenia, gr. 6*
Haleiwa

I spend hours in the garden
Teaching my flower stems
to dance.

--*Linda, gr. 5*
Salt Lake

HOW
can a
ROYAL
MIND
WIN
a race
with
CARS?

--*Freda Faletoi*
Helemano

Many years
And many days
Run
In an
Alligator's face

--*Pamela Rosales*
Helemano

Irene has brown eyes.
Eneri sah nworb seye.
Eneri saw a worm sigh!

--*Irene, gr. 5*
Salt Lake

I see the cat
even God sees him
some poets see him
There on the road,
now he's by
the young bear.

Your eyes made me laugh
tonight.
Life makes hearts whiz around.

--Ruby, gr. 4
Mokulele

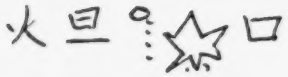
weave
slender clouds
slide white Venus
down to
to up
Earth and jump

--Tammy Choy, gr. 6
Kaala

Women down the stream
are mean and lazy.
Asleep in chains,
their minds think of another world
They're like fire Burning off
your head. Their skin is like sand.
People try to touch them,
but they throw paint.
They imagine they're jewels.
Their home is in the mountain.
They're a myth.

--Keith
Mililani - uka

A man was looking out the window
crying for his star that was lost
in a box.



--*Lisa, gr. 6*
Kipapa

Spirit

The spirit of steel was scraping for the coloring
of baked gardenias-- Oh, how greatly thin and white
it looks soaring through the room of the fat cat that's waiting for the
doctor that touches the winner with the Real Thing. The morning is
getting near for the enemy of hundreds of jars.
John is pinching the frosting on the chocolately lawless perfume.
Enjoy the cheaper price of peaceful snippers with a secret
wrap see more games cause the cost is despairing
From dollars to change.

--*Lani Mayfield*
Hickam

Harvest the Green

When you harvest the green
What do you harvest?
Trees are green so are leaves
But did you ever see a greenbean?
seaweed under the water is green
weeds are green
windows in the jungle are green
the bars are covered with green leaves
But which is green the river or the
wind?

--*Kerry Kurgh, gr. 6*
Webling

A firefly humming in the cracking sun near
crystal waters of a pond. Snack on green nuts and carrots. It was
spying on fishes with big eyeballs and gold teeth in
the water where toads and snakes lurks. Some kids slide along
the bank of mud in the afternoons. Ducks quack at
their children. Trucks pass over on a bridge.

--Clement Chang, gr. 6
Moanalua

NINETY-NINE PERCENT INDEPENDENCE GIRL.
NATURAL SUN ECLIPSE
OCTOPUS in the SAND
Do the twist in WAIKIKI
CRUISE around in the beach
Don't get LOST in LOVE.
RATS and BEES with the TRUCK. NATURALLY
SPIDER DUSTY.

--Patrick Coon
Wheeler

CENTURY INSURANCE, A SHORT COOL MURDER.
ALMOST SHARP, DRY BUSINESS, SOFT, COOLER,
MUCH LIFE.
PEOPLE in PITS of BLACK.
FALCON eats SNAKE and all is GEMINI.

--Tracy Crewes
Wheeler

We harvest hungry.
The strawberry talk is all gone.
Every plate is very hungry.
When you eat you feel like
your flying.
Even the fruits shrinks to hearts.
Sometimes you feel like eating candy vegetable.
Also when you sing you have a
sour taste like your in heaven.

--Kathleen Repollo, gr. 6
Waialua

STEEL WHEEL
 PASS OUT
PRESS TIRE
 SUPER HAND
KIDNAP TIME
 REALLY WILD
SUSHI PLANT
 BLUE PRINCE

--Jeff, gr. 5
Pearl Ridge

I am going to harvest a scribble
the paper might even change.
  It might even tear
also it could even leave a long strip.
  I might even turn it into soap lather
and climb up and down it.

--Eric Correa, gr. 6
Webling

grandpa's wife always shines his boots
and waits on the earth
While grandpa is on his island
fishing in a teacup pond.

but he never catches any fish
because the spinich in the pond is
so slimy so the net always brakes
and the bees always nip you...

--Lynn, gr. 5
Salt Lake

I have a big tree
it has soft leaves
and long branches too
Most of all I like the trunk
it is big and thick

--*Shawn*
Pearl Harbor

my mother's voice sounds like
a child
sliding down
a window pane
and her mother's voice
sounds like
a bear
swallowing a seed.

--*Deidra, gr. 5*
Aiea

One day I went to the beach.
I saw a jelly fish--
a lonesome fish.
I put him in a saimin bowl.
I turned on the radio,
and he heard the Hustle
and started to rockout.

--*Rea*
Scott

Once upon a time a fat woman riding a surfboard
fell and her head was washed in a deep sand hole.
Along came a simpleton riding a skateboard
came up and fingered her pockets
and found a precious jewel
And the lady said, "What are you doing?"
And the simpleton said, "Taking this jewel for tax."
..."and for renting my beach." The lady said it
was worthless and she started crying. The simpleton
said "HA HA!" "YOU CRY BABY, I GOT YOUR JEWEL."
Now he screwed it into a tree, and poisoned the sap
so it would be safe from the wind.

--Robbie
Mililani - uka

In a river
down in the forest
play little pebbles underwater.
The river is smooth like glass.
The water is sweet like candy.
The rocks are hot from the sun.
A horse passes by in a confused way.
I know some children will find this river...

--Lenore, gr. 6
Salt Lake

I am the wrath of mankind,
the hunger to kill and cease all life.
I am the gullet, that hangs over
the people of this mad world.
The people of the place we call hell.
I am the memorial of the past.
The memorial of what became a slaughter
house covered with blood.
I am the salvoes of death.
The salvoes of anger which covered
this once peaceful and beautiful place.
I, war, garrotted and impaled by
my people which became savages

--Edgar Cheshire
Solomon

I dreamed

While walking to Japanese School
It rained
I ran
Then I heard loud voices calling my name
I looked, the town was flooded
The school was floating away
I saw my parents crying
I swam to the school
Cold & shivering I caught hold of my
father's hand
Then I was safe with my parents
floating away with the school.

--*Lynn, gr. 6*
Haleiwa

Once upon a time there was a HIPPOPOTAMUS and a BIRD and a GIRAFFE that saw a jewel thief. So they called the DETECTIVE and said, "Can you keep a SECRET?" "Yes," said the Detective. "Well, there's a CRIMINAL in the jewel store." "A what!!!!" "A jewel thief." "I better get me some RUM. EVERYONE is in DANGER. You're right, so we've got to FIGHT." "You're right." The animals SNATCHING the drink away from him. "We won't let that criminal take ADVANTAGE of us." Mrs. BEE said, "Hurry, for OLD-TIMEs sakes. I've got to go before baby BEE gets hungry and starts eating my wife's MINI-skirt and starts drinking GAS! Good-bye." The animals and the detective ran off and caught the criminal. They sat there and POURED some rum. The chief came in there and said, "That was a BEAUTY." I hope you know what he meant. He said, "Just for that, you can be helpers." Then an EAGLE came in with a WIGGLE. "Can I be one too?"

--*Rene M., gr. 5*
Wheeler

Purple People

poiple persons, poiter pot and
propula drink poison from the
ploinet pink!

--*Steve M., gr. 6*
Wheeler

I SLEEP IN THE CAT'S TRACK
WHICH WAS IN THE SOFT GRASS...

--*Kenwyn, gr. 4*
Salt Lake

Enter the wife with glasses
carrying a hog with a bread that
looks like soft leaves

She calls over to the egg
thats a hatching eye

and she faints !!!!

--*Della, gr. 6*
Aiea

Rainbow

egg Yolk
is ma

sokentop
brothen

poorpoise--

--*Wilfred Yoon, gr. 6*
Kaala

eggs are painted like a dolphin
it has problems
people stretch it like a bus
it grows watery wine
it smells like odory rice
it went deep in the valley
a long time there was silence.
the land got poisoned by fire
the eggs were in pain
now they use it like fertilizer.

--*Suzette*
Mililani - uka

Hard pillow in a wet oven.
A boy used a rotten toothbrush accidently
twisted his tongue

--*Reynald*
Pearl Harbor

I touched dust one day by the window
and found the secrets of ISIS

--*Gail, gr. 4*
Salt Lake

If you yell, silver flowers
will arise and the sun will shine britely
and the Birds will start singing
and the Trees will start swaying
grass will start moving in the wind
and you will fall in the silver flowers
and dream of what I wrote.

--*Richard, gr. 4*
Mokulele

NOTES

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Other participants in the program during 1975-76 were Caroline Garrett, Darrell Cabacungan, Martha Garbisch, Eric Chock, Elizabeth Shinoda, Richard Hamasaki, Brad Matsunaga, Mari Nakamura and Steven Goldsberry.

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